The Native American.

VOL. II. WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1839. NO. 23

Printed by J. C. DUNN for the N. A. Association.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, $2 50 in advance, or $3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, $1 50 *in advance*. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publisher, JAMES C. DUNN.

All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to *the Editor of the Native American*.

Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

From the African Repository.

WASHINGTON AND THE ABOLITIONISTS.

THE regular readers of this Journal may recollect an article copied into it from the Vermont Chronicle of May 24, 1833,* in which the character of Washington was portrayed according to the polemical principles of the Abolitionists. The portrait so offended the sentiment of affectionate veneration with which every true American regards the memory of that best and greatest of men, that the prominent Abolition editors and agents endeavoured to divert the storm of public indignation from their own heads to the head of Mr. Tracy, the author of the article. The device for this purpose was notable enough. They denied that they had ever applied to Washington by *name* the opprobrious epithets contained in the article, and wished the public to infer that Mr. Tracy had committed forgery in quoting such epithets from their writings. The answer was obvious. Mr. Tracy had never pretended to make such quotations. He referred to passages in Abolition writings, defining or describing the character of a slaveholder, in the most intense terms of reproach; and showed that, as Washington lived and died a slaveholder, he came, by a palpable *sequitur*, within the scope of the denunciation. Such too seems to have been the impression on the public mind. Attempts have been occasionally, but unsuccessfully, made to weaken this impression. In a recent controversy between the editor of the Emancipator and the editor of the New York Observer, the latter places the subject in a point of view which must, we think, seem conclusive to every candid mind. "Shall we acknowledge," he inquires, "that anti-slavery leaders do not maintain that the slaveholder—that every slaveholder—is a thief, a kidnapper, and the like;—that they do not protest against making any exception; that they do not urge the application of their doctrine to every slaveholder who comes among us, insisting on their exclusion from pulpits and communion tables, and denouncing every one who is permitted to preach, as a "Southern man-thief in a Northern pulpit"? All their writings, all their speeches, their whole history would give us the lie.

"Must we say that Washington was not a slaveholder? His "last will and testament," in which he bequeaths freedom to his slaves, after the death of his wife, would convict us of falsehood.

"Shall we say that what is asserted of every man of a certain class, without exception, is not said of each individual of that class? Will that do? If we say that all Anti-Slavery editors are liars; that every one of them is a liar; that there cannot be an exception to this rule; that he who makes an exception, is an apologist for lying; do we not thereby say, as plainly as if we called him by name, that Joshua Leavitt is a liar? If such an assertion should bring us into trouble, and we should endeavor to escape from it by saying that we never had brought that charge against Joshua Leavitt *by name*, should we escape the reputation of quibbling? If we should say, for the purpose of exciting people to abolish Presbyterianism in this city, that every Presbyterian minister in New York is a hypocrite, and should urge every man to treat every one of them with whom he comes in contact as a hypocrite; should we not be guilty of describing Dr. Spring, and Dr. McAuley, and Dr. Skinner, as hypocrites? And if their congregations should call us to account for abusing their ministers, could we escape by saying that we had not called their pastors hypocrites *by name*? A man must be in distress for an evasion, who thinks such a one tolerable.

"This is a point of no small practical importance, aside from its bearing on the present case, or we would not spend so many words upon it. We maintain, it is not right,—it is not telling the truth,—to bring an unqualified accusation against a whole class of men,—insisting that it be received as true of them all without exception,—which is not true of every individual of that class *by name*, and which is not allowable for any one to apply to every individual of that class *by name*. The accusation injures each individual, just as much as if he were named. If men are led to regard me as a criminal, what is it to me that the charge was fixed upon me by description and not by name? Or what is it to me that others are included in the same description? And if the charge is not true of me *by name*, the author is not guiltless of slander because he contrived to fasten the charge upon me without using my name; nor is he innocent, because, at the moment, he was only thinking of others, whom the same description includes. These remarks apply to many of the reform excitements that we have had; and an observance of just principles would prevent much of the party asperity with which the churches are now distracted. Condemning men by classes, irrespective of their individual characters, may be a very convenient, labor-saving process; but it is full of injustice and falsehood. Those who obstinately use it, must take the consequences."

When the abolition leaders made the awkward attempts to which we have referred, to show that their denunciations of slaveholders in mass were inapplicable to the Father of his country, they were probably unacquainted with a letter from him to Robert Morris, written shortly after the American Revolution, and before the unfortunate owners of slaves had acquired the guaranty of their right of property from the present Constitution of the United States. In that letter, practices similar to those of modern Abolitionists are rebuked in the tone of dignity and mildness which characterized the writer. A knowledge of it on their part would probably have prompted an attack on his memory, just as severe as the American people could be expected to tolerate, though not quite so atrocious as that made by Daniel O'Connell, who respects public opinion in this country as little as he admires the character of Washington. An extract of the letter just referred to, appeared in a former number of this work, vol. 12, p. 48. We now republish the whole of it, from the 9th volume of Mr. Sparks's invaluable edition of the writings of Washington:

MOUNT VERNON, 12 APRIL, 1786.

Dear Sir, I give you the trouble of this letter at the instance of Mr. Dalby of Alexandria, who is called to Philadelphia to attend what he conceives to be a vexatious lawsuit respecting a slave of his, whom a society of Quakers in the city, formed for such purposes, have attempted to liberate. The merits of this case will no doubt appear upon trial. From Mr. Dalby's statement of the matter, it should seem that this society is not only acting repugnantly to justice, so far as its conduct concerns strangers, but in my opinion impoliticly with respect to the State, the city in particular, without being able, except by acts of tyranny and oppression, to accomplish its own ends. He says the conduct of this society is not sanctioned by law. Had the case been otherwise, whatever my opinion of the law might have been, my respect for the policy of the State would on this occasion have appeared in my silence; because against the penalties of promulgated laws one may guard, but there is no avoiding the snares of individuals, or of private societies. If the pratice of this society, of which Mr. Dalby speaks, is not discountenanced, none of those, whose *misfortune* it is to have slaves as attendants, will visit the city if they can possibly avoid it; because by so doing they hazard their property, or they must be at the expense (and this will not always succeed) of providing servants of another description.

I hope it will not be conceived from these observations, that it is my wish to hold the unhappy people, who are the subject of this letter, in slavery. I can only say, that there is not a man living, who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting. But when slaves, who are happy and contented with their present masters, are tampered and seduced to leave them; when masters are taken unawares by these practices; when a conduct of this kind begets discontent on one side and resentment on the other; and when it happens to fall on a man, whose purse will not measure with that of the society, and he loses his property for want of means to defend it; it is oppression in such a case, and not humanity in any, because it introduces more evils than it can cure.

I will make no apology for writing to you on the subject, for, if Mr. Dalby has not misconceived the matter, an evil exists which requires a remedy; if he has, my intentions have been good, though I may have been too precipitate in this address. Mrs. Washington joins me in every good and kind wish for Mrs. Morris and your family, and I am, &c.*

It appears from the foregoing letter that Washington, though a stern opponent of the Abolitionists of his day, was as decided in his hostility to slavery as an institution. This hostility is further manifested in other passages of his writings.—In a letter to Mr. John F. Mercer, dated September 9, 1786, he says: "I never mean, unless some particular circumstance should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."†

The following extract is from a letter to the Marquis de Lafayette, dated 10th May, 1786:

The benevolence of your heart, my dear Marquis, is so conspicuous upon all occasions, that I never wonder at any fresh proofs of it; but your late purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country. But I despair of seeing it.—Some petitions were presented to the Assembly, at its last session, for the abolition of slavery, but they could scarcely obtain a reading.—To set the slaves afloat at once would, I really believe, be productive of much inconvenience and mischief; but by degrees it certainly might and assuredly ought to be effected; and that too by legislative authority.*

In a letter to Sir John Sinclair, dated Philadelphia, 11th December, 1796, General Washington assigns several reasons why the prices of lands in Pennsylvania are higher than in Maryland and Virginia, though the lands are not of superior quality. One of the reasons, is that "there are laws here [i.e. in Pennsylvania] for the gradual abolition of slavery, which neither of the States above mentioned have at present, but which nothing is more certain than that they must have, and at a period not remote."†

In a letter to Charles Pinckney, Governor of South Carolina, dated Philadelphia, 17 March, 1792, Gen. Washington says:

"I must say that I lament the decision of your Legislature upon the question of importing slaves after March, 1793. I was in hopes, that motives of policy as well as other good reasons, supported by the direful effects of slavery, which at this moment are presented, would have operated to produce a total prohibition of the importation of slaves whenever the question came to be agitated in any State, that might be interested in the measure."‡

Extract from Washington's Will, July 9, 1799:

"Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves, whom I hold by my own right, shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life, would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some, who, from old age or bodily infirmity, and others who on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire that all who come under the first and second descriptions shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs, while they live; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the Court until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-five years: and in cases where no record can be produced, whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound, are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever. And I do, moreover, most positively, and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be rigorously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be in the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm, seeing that a regular and permanent fund be established for their support as long as there are subjects requiring it, not trusting to the uncertain provision to be made by individuals."*

*Am. Rep., Vol. 9, p. 115.

*Sparks' edit. of Washington's writings, Vol. 9, p. 153
†Sparks' edit. of Washington's writings, Vol. 9, p. 159. n.
*Sparks' edit. of Washington's writings, Vol. 9, p. 163.
†Sparks' edit. of Washington's writings, Vol. 12, p. 326.
‡Sparks' edit. of Washington's writings, Vol. 10, p. 224.
*Sparks' edit. of Washington's writings, Vol. 1, p. 569, 570.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN RUSSIA.—This distinguished Senator, it seems, is well known in the dominions of the great Autocrat. In conversation recently, with a gentleman just arrived from Russia, he stated that, having some business to transact at St. Petersburg, previous to leaving that city, with a celebrated banker, he called personally to arrange it. Finding this gentleman to be an American, the banker asked many questions about Mr. Webster, and appeared as well acquainted with him, and his political standing, as though they had been long acquainted. The banker (his unpronounceable name we have forgotten) had the whole of Mr. Webster's speeches, and although he understood our language imperfectly, he read them over again with delight. Those on the currency, in particular, he thought the most able papers he had ever read. He said that such was his admiration of Mr. Webster, that he had orders in this country, to send him all his productions, of whatever character. We suppose the loco focos will say that this Russian banker furnished the Whigs with the money to secure the election of Mr. Webster.—*Providence Journal.*

MAJOR DOWNING,

To the Editors of the New York Express—the same paper my old friend Mr. Dwight printed a spell ago.

Gentlemen: I send you a letter for Congress to read under *Uncle Sam's* authority—who wishes you to publish it with my figure head at the top on't to show that it is genwine. It must be in Washington on or before New Year's day—for that is a day when folks feel limber and shake hands, and dont feel so crabbed and cross grained as they do on most other days.

Your friead,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

TO CONGRESS.

Uncle Sam has requested me to give you my *notions* about the abolition matter that now is taking up more of your time than he thinks he can afford to pay for, seeing that other matters want attending to. I have never had but one notion about this abolition matter—and that is, that it is one of that sort that gits into the noddles of old women of both sexes, on account of their having nothing else there at the time to occupy them, and then they go to *cackling* and that sets other folks *caokling*, and so arter a spell all get a cackling till something else gets uppermost, and then another egg is laid, and then comes another cackling about the new egg—and so it goes on from time to eternity.

It was jist so with Anti-Masonry a spell ago. Years have come and gone—General Washington was a mason, and so was pretty much all our good folks, and nobody ever troubled themselves about the matter—crops come along one arter the other, and all natur work'd without any trouble about masonry or anti-masonry—when all at once up rose an awful *cackle*, and it seem'd for a spell that if folks didn't stir themselves that all creation would, arter the coming crops, come to a stand still—the Union melt away like a snow ball in June—and the pigs git into the corn fields. There was my old neighbor Deacon *Doolittle*, one of the spriest old chaps in raising early garden sass, and the best pumpkins in the hull county round—a man allow'd to be so knowing in most matters, that it was a common saying that whoever bought the Deacon for a fool would lose money by him—he heard the "anti-masonic" *cakle* and took up the same notion. I call'd on him one day and instead of finding him in his garden, (which was all overrun with weeds) I found him reading anti-masonic addresses. "*It's all over with us*, Mayjor," says he—"the end of creation has come at last"—and he fetched a deep groan—"it is only wonderful to me," says he, "that the country has prospered as it has ever since the *Independence* with so many *Masons* in it—and we have all ben so blind too, all the while to the sartin destruction all around us—Lord have mercy on us," says he—and with that old Miss Doolittle and all the young ones set up an awful howl as if the last day had come sure enuf. The Deacon however had one thing to comfort him, and that was he said that there was jist enuf "anti-masons" left to work out an election of a *President and Congress* who had't ben on a "*hot Gridiron*—and he didn't mean to raise another Potatoe or Ear of Corn or Punkin till that was done. I left the Deacon sitting on that egg, and the next time I seed him, was right in about the middle of the United States Bank war—more than a year arter, and the times got to be pritty *pinchy*. I dropt in upon the Deacon—I found him hoeing out some blue grass among the Cockumbers. I twisted and turn'd all matter and things of a public natur, but the Deacon never said one word about the masons and anti-masons—it was pritty clear that the Deacon had enuf of a humbug—and then, agin, the last time I was down that way, right in the thickest of "*Abolition Petitions*"—but the Deacon wasn't to be caught but once—and I see he had his eye teeth cut—"things go well enough for me, Major," says he, and if any man catches me neglecting my grounds agin to cackle with him over any egg he chooses to throw in my nest, he is amazingly mistaken. "Why," says he, "a man would have nothing else to do all his life time if he follow'd up all the idle fanatics and sometimes political vagabonds who are eternally getting up one skeme arter another—first masonry and anti-masonry—then nullification—then Banks—then nothing but gold—then abolition and Sub-Treasury, and the Lord knows what next—and telling us from time to time, that any one of these if not attended to, to the neglect of every thing else, would most sartainly end in sending every created thing to etarnal smash."

But, says I, Deacon, how do you manage through em all? "Well," says he, "Major, I'll tell you—and I have had a leetle experience in the matter as you know: in the first place, I have stopt all cackling—when my work is done, and I have no business on hand in family matters, I read *the Bible* a spell—and then I take a look into the *Constitution of the United States* occasionally, and at election times I select out the best and honesest men I can find to vote for—and if every body would do the same thing, my notion is one would bring things out of all trouble and get every thing to work smooth and right, and we should hear no more of these dreadful things that some folks are talking about that are to bring ruin on the country." But, says I, here is trouble now in Congress about this plagy abolition question—one set bring in bushels of petitions, and another set say they hadn't ought to be receiv'd at all; how is that to be managed, says I? "Well," says he, "Major, I'll tell you, I would take em all in, but without stopping other business to read em just yet, for I suppose they are pritty much all alike, and then I would say that as *soon as they are done coming*, so as to give all a fair chance—I'd appoint a committee who should agree to read em all over carefully, and see if there is any thing in em to show that any part of the Constitution is violated by not granting what the petitions ask for—BUT, *if on the contrary*, any one of all them petitions asks Congress to do any thing contrary to the clear meaning of the Constitution—as it was understood when it was made and agreed to—then I would call that member of Congress, who offered such a petition right up and give him a copy of the Constitution and tell him to git that by heart, and the next time he attempted another such *unlawful act*, I'd send him home." Well, says I, that is a *new* notion. "No it aint," says he, "it's as *old* as *truth* and *justice* and the *Constitution itself*—and they come of age pretty much all at once. This is the *rub* of the matter Major—the people have "a Constitution," and all laws and regulations must agree with it or they aint good for nothing; the people send their agents to Congress to make or alter the Constitution; and any man in or out of Congress who brings in a petition asking the people's agents to grant things contrary to the Constitution, are doing *an unlawful act*, and if they are ignorant, I'd *teach* em what the law is, and if arter the first offence, they repeated it, I'd make em *feel* it. If something of this kind aint done—Congress will have nothing else to do but cackle over all the whims that old grannys all about the country will be sending in—a man South has just as good a right to petition Congress to pass laws to stop my raising Punkins as I have to stop his raising Cotton—and on the score of *oppression* and *slavery* and all that nonsense—there is nothing in it—we are all slaves, to the necessity of earning an honest living, and all *necessity* to *work* is an *evil*, but it is an evil like *beards* and *toe-nails*, we are born to—some have to work at one calling and some at another—and some work is harder than another—some go down under the airth and dig coal and iron and copper and lead and gold and silver—and some on the face of the airth dig, plough and hoe, and chop wood—(and that last kind of work, 'tis plagy tuff in winter away off in the woods, with snow up to your knees and your dinner froze as hard as a brick-bat)—and some go on the great deep in storms and tempests, and don't know what it is to have a dry jacket on for weeks together—and no wife and children to sit round a fire with every evening—and some pick cotton and have this advantage over all the rest, and that is when they get sick and old, they are taken care of without going a begging or be thrust into a poor-house or prison—some folks are by natur dependent on others, and lean on em like bean vines to polls.

Now suppose some old women should get a notion to petition Congress against letting folks dig away down in the airth arter Coal and Iron, and so forth, and say that a man wasn't born like a *woodchuck* to live in the airth—and then again to stop folks from risking their precious lives at *sea*, as though they were born with *fins* like a fish, how then, and what would be the end on't? Can any man tell what would be the state of things if any of these whims was to be acted on only for one year just for the trial on't? And then agin, has any one turned over the matter to see what would be the condition of things if "Abolition" should take root—kick up a bobery down South, and let only one crop of cotton go unpick'd—folks abroad don't think much of this matter, but look at it pretty *much as we do at the Chinese*, and carelessly talk of abolition as a matter of moon shine. England sends her abolitionists here to keep em I suppose from deviltry at home—possibly if their mad schemes were only for one season to prosper here, a storm would howl over England worse than a universal cholera morbus. Cut off one of our crops of cotton only—and then let the Queen of her Ministers attempt to tell the thousands of spinners and weavers of England that they and their families must submit to go hungry and unemploy'd, on account of the *great and glorious cause of abolition*—and if they remain content and hungry, why then no harm will come from that point—but if on the contrary, they don't understand the doctrine (and some folks do say that some of John Bull's family get cross and ugly when hungry) why then there will be trouble and such trouble as aint cooled by sage or catnip tea—and I for one wash my hands on't—and say "let well alone."

"I'll tell what it is Major," says the Deacon, "we have now ben working along pretty prosperously for fifty years under *a Constitution* that has kept us all together a happy family, and any man who attempts to disturb any matter or thing guaranteed and secured by that Constitution, aint got any more Patriotism in him than a rotten punkin—and all petitions to Congress, asking things contrary to the Constitution, are jist as bad as for a man to ask another man's agent to do what he knows he has no right to do under the power of attorney he holds from his principal—that's *Law*, Major," says the Deacon, "and I don't know," says he, "if it aint Gospel too."

I and Uncle Sam have been thinking over this matter and upon the hull we come to the notion that the Deacon's doctrine is about right, and we hope you will not disregard it.

Your friend and fellow citizen,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

Discovery of Mummies at Durango, Mexico.—A million of mummies, it is said, has lately been discovered in the environs of Durango, in Mexico. They are in a sitting posture, but have the same wrappings, bands and ornaments of the Egyptian. Among them was found a poignard of flint, with a sculptured handle, chaplets, necklaces, &c. of alternately colored beads, fragments of bones polished like ivory, fine worked elastic tissues, [probably our modern India Rubber cloth,] mockasins worked like those of our Indians to-day, bones of vipers, &c. It remains to continue these interesting researches, and America will become another Egypt to antiquarians, and her ruins will go back to the oldest periods of the world, showing doubtless that the ancestors of the Montezumas lived on the Nile, and that their luxurious civilization was broken up and overpowered by the hardy hordes of Asiatic Tartars, who came down from Behring Straits and the Rocky Mountains. The scenes of Attila and Alaric in Rome and Greece, were rehearsed at an earlier day on the shores of California and the plains of Mexico. It is unknown of the mummies above mentioned, what kind of embalmment was used, or whether it was nitrous depositions in the caves where they were found. A fact of importance is stated, that the shells of the necklace are of a marine shell found at Zacatecas, on the Pacific, where the Columbus of their forefathers probably therefore landed from the Malay, Hindostan, or Chinese coast, or from their islands in the Indian Ocean.—*Evc. Star.*

From the Mobile Examiner.

THE DUTY OF THE PRESS

Those who conduct the newspaper press of this country, have, at a time like this, very important duties to perform. They stand in a station of great responsibility towards their fellow-citizens, and it will depend upon the manner in which they fulfill their obligations whether they deserve the applause or execration of the public. We are in a time of great party excitement—when men are warmly engaged in pulling down and setting up men; and destroying and rebuilding political systems. Assuming, what we have no right to question, that both are laboring for the welfare of the people although they differ as to the means best adapted for the attainment of the end, the duty of the press is most obvious. Its sole business should be a fair and candid discussion of the principles involved in the controversy, and of the consequences of those principles upon society; it should strive neither to lead nor mislead, but merely to enlighten the popular mind, that the ultimate decision of the public may as much as possible approximate to the truth. If those who direct the press would for a moment reflect on their position in society we feel assured that many things which have of late years tended to the degradation of newspapers, until they have become the mere vehicles of personal abuse and unmeaning slang, would be at once repudiated; and their sheets instead of meriting thorough contempt, which they now receive from all parties, would rise at once into respect, and be really, what they ought always to have been, the best possible means of conveying instruction to the people.

Editors of newspapers are, or ought to be intelligent honorable gentlemen, and their own self-respect should preserve them from many of those abuses of their position, which have so unfortunately become so common. To any man of sense a temperate and well written disquisition upon those subjects interesting to the people even though it oppose his own opinions, is far more pleasing and satisfactory than abuse, misrepresentation, or quibbling can be, although the design should be to promote his own party views. And unless editors forever disclaim all title to the respect of the respectability, for the purpose of securing the applause of the ignorant and vicious, who form the noisest portion of every party, it seems to us that they should, in general, seriously think of changing their course. But admitting that the great body of them are utterly destitute of any other ambition than to secure a party triumph, they do not now use the most proper means to effect this purpose. The people of this country are essentially intelligent. If they are led astray for a time, by unmeaning clamor, or gross misrepresentations, they will in the end discover the fraud and punish the perpetrator. No party can long triumph, unless its political tenets are clearly understood and honorably appreciated by the people. By a great and combined effort, delusions are spread for a time, and may answer the temporary purpose of pitiful ambition; but they cannot last long. The re-action is certain:

"*Truth crushed, to earth will rise again,*
The eternal years of God are hers;"

and when she does rise, after a temporary prostration, wo unto those that have assailed her!—Even mere party spirit, therefore, if directed by common sense, should lead the conductors of the newspaper press, to discuss principles rather than attack men; and to enlighten the public mind instead of laboring to increase the number of their partizans right or wrong. The people look to them for information, and turn disgusted away, at the falsehoods and contradictions with which they teem. For reason, they give us puerile verbosity; for fact, they treat us to fiction; and for a fair description of public men and measures, the foulest abuse and grossest misrepresentation. The thing needs reform—speedy, thorough reform—or both newspapers and their conductors will be excluded from society. It is the duty of the respectable portion of the profession to look to it—and see whether some remedy may not be found.

Cure for Hydrophobia.—The following recipe for the cure of this disease among cattle, was communicated by a gentleman in New York, in a letter to a friend in this vicinity, whose cattle have been bitten by a mad dog, and has been handed to us for publication; for the benefit of the public. The writer says, that some years ago several cattle were bitten by a rabid dog, among which were a cow and calf. The owner immediately procured some oyster shells, (the under or flat shell being particularly preferred,) and put them into an oven to kiln-dry and pulverise them. He then gave the cow and calf a portion of it three successive mornings; he then omitted three, and repeating three successive mornings again, until he had administered it nine times. The writer says that he does not remember the quantity of the lime administered, but the manner, he says, was to give it the cow with bran, and for the calf, a smaller quantity was mixed with dough balls and forced down the throat. Of all the cattle bitten none escaped the disease except the cow and calf thus treated—all the rest exhibiting the symptoms at different periods. The last one died about six months after having been bitten.

The following cure for this disease, similar to the above, has also been handed to us for publication. It is worth trying:

Certain Cure for Hydrophobia.—Take three table spoons full of oyster shell lime, powder it, and sift it through a piece of book muslin. To this add a sufficiency of egg to give it a consistency, something like soft dough, fry it in a little fresh butter or olive oil. Let the patient eat this cake in the morning, and abstain from food or drink at least six hours. This dose repeated three mornings in succession, is, in all cases, sufficient.

As it may be satisfactory to know something of the character of the writer, I beg leave to refer you to Charles H. Castle, Esq. Cashier of the City Bank, Montreal.

Yours, &c. GUY RICHARDS.

Execution Deferred.—We learn from a gentleman just from Watertown, that five of the Patriot prisoners who were to have been hung on Wednesday last, had been temporarily respited. Only three (Shoaltz, George and Abbey) had yet been executed.—*Albany Journal.*